

The Extravagant
S H E E P H E R D.
A

Pastorall Comedie,
VVritten in French by T. Corneille.
Englished by T. R. 1654.

H O R A T.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare Poëta.



L O N D O N,
Printed by J. G. for Tho: Heath, dwelling in Russel street
in Covent-Garden near the Piazza. 1654.

The Emancipator

SHEPHERD

Pastoral Comedies

Vol. 1. No. 1. 1844

Published by T. R. 1844

Printed by T. R. 1844

London: Printed by T. R. 1844


Printed by T. R. 1844



To the most Vertuous *L A D Y*
M^{rs.} JOANNA THORNHILL,
Wife to the Honourable

Col: RICH: THORNHILL, of
Ollantigh in KENT.

MADAM,

 *S my many Obligations to your Name, in both your Relations of Husband and Brother, have long since claim'd from me a Publique Acknowledgement, so those to your Person have created in me a Confidence, not only to obtain Pardon for this Presumption, but a Protection of this Innocent Stranger, who durst not venture abroad without it. Such is his Innocency, that in this habit he might, without Gaule to the Spectators, have enter'd the Theater (had not the Guilty Ones of this Age, broken that Mirrour lest they should there behold their own horrible Shapes represented) but now he is faine to seeke Sanctuary, which cannot be found, but at the Altar of an Immaculate Vertue, which (Madam) all that are so happy as to know you, confesse to be raised in your Name, under whose shadow, as under Laurell, poore Lysis will not onely be secured from the Thunder of the Times, but I shall be absolved from my Errors, and confirm'd, with all Devotion, to continue in all Gratitude,*

(Madam)

Your most humble Servant,

T. R.

Drammatis Persona.

LYSIS *the Extravagant Shepherd.*

ANGELICA *a Nymph, Sister to Montenor.*

HIRCAN *Brother to Lucida.*

MONTENOR *a Shepherd in love with Lucida.*

ANSELM *a Shepherd in love with Angelica.*

CLARIMOND *in love with Charita.*

LUCIDA *a Shepherdess, sister to Hircan.*

CHARITA *a Shepherdess, Cousin to Angelica.*

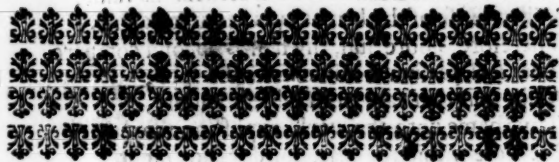
ADRIAN *Cousin to Lysis.*

SYNOPE } *Damofels, Neighbours to Angelica.*

CLORISE }

The Scene in BRIE.





The Extravagant SHEEPHERD.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

*Enter Lyfis in the Equipage of a Sheephred
driving his Flock before him.*



Feed my dear Sheep, faithful Companions
(feed
Through all those verdant plains from
(danger freed;
Thanks to my Shepherdes, we now be-
(hold

An Age, as glorious as that Age of Gold.
But on the Gilliflowers, and Roses feed,
That spring in ev'ry place, where Shee doth tread;
Taste without feare, no food so sweet will prove,
'Gainst Wolves; your Centinel's the God of Love;
He loves what She affects, and kindly looks
Upon her faithfull Sheephred and his Flocks.
Flocks, which long since being marked for his owne,
Feel no diseases, that in Sheep are known.
Charita, thou faire Sheephredesse, whom we
Adore, the flower and choice of all in *Brie*:
How powerfull thine eyes! how bright! how faire!
By which, thus to keep Sheep, thy Lovers are
Constrain'd! compar'd to their bright sparkling rayes,
The Sun it selfe a gloomy light displays,

B

Whose

The Extravagant Shepherd.

Whose weaker Beames are but Reflexions vaine,
 When those of thy bright eyes begin to raigne.
 Therefore, poore Sun, thy fault's beyond compare,
 That still presum'st t'illuminate the aire;
 Quit, quit that care to th'Object I adore,
 Thy shame unto the world expose no more:
 Lie close within the Seas, nor day, nor night
 Thy Chrystall Palace quit, nor Amphitrite.
 But since thou wilt go on—'tis best for me
 To feast my selfe with this frugalitie.
 Feed, feed my pretty Lambs, while I like you
 Thus sitting on the grasse, the same will doe.

Ent. Clarimond.

[*He sits down, and taking fruits out of his pouch, looking back, he spies Clarimond, who surprized to see a man clad like an ancient Roman Shepherd, stood still to view him.*]

SCENE II.

Lyfis, Clarimond.

(*going*?)

Lyfis. *Pan* guard thee Sheepherd, whither art thou
 Art thou dispos'd to taste our Sheepherds fare?
 I have some other fruits within my pouch,
 And those wee'l share, and feast the best we can:
 And if we thirst, the River is not far.
 Pray take your place. —

Clar. I thank ye, Ile not eate,
 I have no stomach, — but good Sir, resolve me,
 What great, important businesse brings you hither?

Lyf. I like thy freedome, and I love thee for't:
 To be inquisitive doth argue Wit,
 And Curiosities when th'are discreet.

Cl. O no more complement! — what art thou prethee?

Lyf. What am I? Sure thou canst not but discern:
 Sheepherd (I thank God *Pan*) I am a Sheepherd —
 But what remote Country dost thou inhabit.

That

The Extravagant Shepherd.

3

That art thus ignorant of th' affaires of *Bris* ?
For though thy garments differ much from mine,
I guesse thou art a Shepherd too.

Cl. 'Tis true,

I am indeed so, and perhaps to morrow
I shall more plainly shew you what I am,
In the meane time, may I know your condition ?

Lyf. I'me too good Natur'd to deny thee that. —
Sit downe. *(Sitting down by him)*

Cl. Who e're saw such extravagance ?

Lyf. For thy sake, I'll put up my fruits againe,
To me the Hour's indifferent, and you know
A good Discourse is better than a Feast,
Besides the brizes that refresh these plaines,
Make the place very proper for our Story.

Know then that Love, (that Son of *Chaos*) who
So often doth disturbe his mothers rest,
And were it not for whom we Shepherds might
Scorne the felicity of greatest Kings,
This blinde cleare-sighted God, this peevish Boy,
Endeavour'd to enslave me from my youth :
But, knowing how he us'd to treat his Captives,
I still avoided that mischievous God ;
And I had fool'd him yet a thousand times,
If to subdue this heart so long assail'd;
Finding that all his Forces were too weake,
He had not call'd *Charita* to his aide, —
Charita ! — oh how that faire name doth ravish !

Cl. Shee's faire then ?

Lyf. Fair ? faire with Hyperbole,
Heap up a thousand fairest things together,
Thinke of the Lillies beauties, and of Roses,
And borrow for her eyes the Sun's bright rayes ;
Plant on each cheek the best Vermilian Dye,
Then with a faithfull Pensill vively paint — *(Scratches*
Wel Shepherd *(to be brief)* conclude her fair, *his head)*

Cl. Wonderfull piece !

Lyf. It was at *Paris*, where

The Extravagant Shepherd.

Before I was a Shepherd I was taken.

Cl. And as shee then took you, so you took her!

Lys. Could she hold out against so great deserts?
I shall not tell thee, what sweet Trances then
I felt, and with what Extasies transported,
Nor how to make her yeilding to my sighs,
I dy'd a thousand times, as oft reviv'd,
I'll onely tell thee, that my greatest blisse
Proceeded from a project which Love taught her.
Perswading her to come, and live in *Brie*,
Here to revive the antient Shepherds Life,
Some five or sixe dayes since shee hither came,
And made my blisse that of the Gods exceed,
For truly I know none, so perfect, as
To live a Shepherd, and to sway the Crook.
Ther's neither Tree, nor Rock, in all these parts
Wherein we have not Character'd our Loves;
And were it not for one thing that I feare—

Cl. Dost thou feare ought?

Lys. Yes lest some ugly Satyre,
Lest some Goat-footed God, enamour'd of her,
Finde her alone, and maugre all her cries—

Cl. Fie, no, your Love's too apprehensive; here's
No Satyre, but o're whom I doe command,
Rest satisfied.

Lys (rising.) Doe you then give them Lawes?

Clar. They know me well, and tremble under me.

Lys (kneels.) Great Deity of these our sacred Groves!
Accept the homage of thy prostrate Shepherd;
For 'tis to *Pan* I speak, who in my love
T'assist me, is thus purposely disguis'd,
Thy more than humane looks makes that too cleare.
Pardon me that I knew thee not before;
Henceforth upon thy Sacred Altars, I
Will daily offer store of Milk and Wine,
And every Month will choose the fattest Lamb
Of all my Flocks, to be thy Sacrifice.

Clar. What meane you Shepherd?

Lys.

The Extravagant Shepherd.

5

Lyf. Suffer me this day;—

Cl. You injure *Pan* to worship Me for him,
Observe Mee well; for such a Festivall,
I doe both want his Hornes, and cloven-feet.

Lyf. Your mortall habit hides Divinity—

SCENE III.

Enter to them Adrian.

Adr. Ah Foole art there?

Lyf. (*turning about*) Couz. *Adrian*! Is't you?

Adr. Yes it is, I'me tormented with thy follies;
Art thou come hither then to play thy pranks?
Would thou wer't safe i'th' Hospitall of Fooles!

Lyf. (*rising*) Peace; give me leave my reasons to alledg,
(For that should be the refuge of us all)

This gracious Shepherd here shall be our Judge:

Deciv'd with his perfections I e'en now

Took him for *Pan* disguised like a mortall,

Nay—look you to't, he hath the countenance,

If not of *Pan*, of *Mercury*, or *Cupid*.

Adr. Oh Heaven! what Folly, what Extravagance!—

Lyf. You blame the Shepherds, but alas, too blindly;
Is any life more full of sweets than this?

Is not their Name, as antient as the World?

And when *Dencalion* would mankinde restore

Out of the first Stone he a Shepherd made.

And Kings of old (whom I am proud to follow)

Made their Sons Shepherds, as the way to live.

The Gods, on Earth have often ta'en that habit,

And great *Apollo* kept *Admetus* Sheep,

And even those wandring Starrs, we see above

Are Beasts, that feed within those shining plaines:

And who are fit to keep them but the Gods?

Then, for our Sheep, what is of greater worth?

We feed upon them, sheare them, and receive

The yearly tribute of their wealthy fleeces.

And as they say (the more to be ador'd)

Jove once transform'd himselfe into a Ram,
 And *Greece* ne're knew a nobler enterprize
 Than when the *Argonauts* fetch't home the fleece,
 'Tis the first Sacrifice was made to *Pan*.
 This is to let you know, (*Couz Adrian*)
 That though the World revile it, yet to lead
 Our Flocks to feed 's a noble exercise.
 And to what serves your tedious noyse of Cities?
 Of Merchants, Officers, or Advocates?
 Read *Julietta*, and then tell me, if
Arcadia ever knew such names as these?
 They all were Shepherds, and liv'd free from care,
 And I would have them here to be so govern'd.
 Beleeve me (*Cousin*) leave your City trades,
 Let us together dresse our Pastures, bring
 Your Wife, your Children,—here you'l live at ease:
 Shee shall a Shepherdesse, they Shepherds be,
 And we will all in perfect pleasures live,
 And to the Bag-pipe, under Elmes wee'le dance.
Adr. Ah (*Sir*) you see, to what a strange excessse
 This poore Phrenetick Spirit is transported,
 How much extravagance—

Lyf. (*turning from them*) My deare *Charita*!
 If thou dost kill me, give me life againe!

*[He retires to a corner of the
 Stage, where he lies downe.]*

Cl. While he talkes to himselfe, be pleas'd to tell me
 The hidden cause of that which troubles him,
 I finde his frantick fits, of a strange nature.

Adr. It's the issue of a vaine, and curs'd reading:
 His Father was a Merchant and Citizen
 Of *Paris*, and being rich, look't on him onely,
 And thinking to provide for him an Office,
 T'adorne his innocent, and harmlesse minde,
 Caus'd him to Study, where all that he learn't
 Was to o'rethrow that little wit he had.
 He read Romances onely, and believ'd them,
 Admir'd all the Shepherds fain'd adventures,

And

The Extravagant Shepherd.

7

And his weake braine by those vaine fables, did
So soon descend in th' Aire of Love, and Beauty :
That in a year or two he thus besotted
Would wilfully assume this present habit :
'Twas labour'd with much reason to convince him,
But he still talkt of Sheep, and of his Crook,
Yet studied more, but thought lesse of his office,
And though he still persisted in his frenzy,
Yet was it worse, when his good Father dy'd :
The Romance of *Astræa* was then publish't,
Where reading *Hylas*, and *Sylvander's* jarres,
His braine being very soft in such a case,
He needs would be their judge, and heare them plead,
And so resolv'd to goe into the Forrests,
And, had not I still caus'd him to be follow'd,
He doubtlesse more had credited his booke,
Than our advice. His Frenzy still continuing,
He oft would lock himselfe into his Chamber,
Where without let, pursuing his wilde fancies,
I've heard him act the Shepherds part alone.
In fine, the Mode of these Romances ceasing,
His minde a long time seemed lesse distracted,
And certainly that Heat began to coole,
Had he not haunted Comedies last Winter :
When, earnest oft to see their *Amaryllis*,
H'again reviv'd his thoughts of Flocks and Crooks.
He drew me too to see that cursed Play ;
And cry'd at ev'ry line, O wonderfull !
Scarce could he keep himselfe within his skin,
All seem'd so ravishing, so rarely new :
Never was Man there, more intent than He,
'Twas Acted, and he there an hundred times,
So that imbarck'd againe by their leud babling,
And finding time to make his bundle ready,
And all trust up, he early in a morning
Came hither, thus to act his foolish part,
But I shall put such Fetters on him, that
He shall no longer thus dishonour us.

Cl.

Cl. His humour's troublesome, but yet take heed
 Let your confining him should breake his quiet :
 A Prison's terrible to soundest mindes,
 And the diseas'd it oft exasperates.

Adr. 'Tis true ; but what amendment can I hope ?

Cl. If you'l advise with me, let him alone,
 What do'st concerne you here ? Y'are farre from *Paris*,
 Let him accomplish what he has design'd,
 Let him pursue this Sally of his thoughts,
 Perhaps a week, or so, may cure his folly,
 And he not finding in a Shepherd's life,
 The fancied pleasures that entic'd him to it,
 It may more easie prove to make him see
 The errour, which his books did first create.

Adr. Well, for a day or too I'll leave him then,
 Although I came by chance into this place,
 And have gone very farre to finde him out.
 M'affaires engage me to a quick returne,
 Th'are pressing, and of great importance to me. *Ex.*

Cl. Farewell ; I'll have a care he shall not wander.

SCENE IV.

*Enter to them Anselme, in the habit of a Shepherd, Lylis
 lying still talking to himselfe.*

Cl. H'as left us here inestimable treasure :
 Was ever fool of a more pleasant humour ?
 But what illusion's this surprizeth me ?
 What is't ? is all the world turn'd foole like him ?

Ans. What ! *C larimond* it seems does hardly know me ;

Cl. Oh Heavens ! in what a shape dost thou appear ?
 I st *Anselme* ?

Ans. Yes I'me *Anselme* still for you.
 But my Romantick Name is *Polidore*.

Cl. D'ee act a part in some new Comedy ?
 Or hath this Foole involv'd you in his follies ?

Ans. You know him then ?

The Extravagant Shepherd.

9

Clar. Arriv'd here yester-night
I've almost learnt already his full story,
Himselfe did spend much time t' informe me in it.
But there is one *Charita* much in's thoughts;
Who's that rare Object?

Ansel. I'm pleas'd with this surprize:
You name *Charita*, and ask who she is.

Clar. What, is't that faire One now with *Angelica*?
Her Cousin?

Ansel. The same: 'tis she that wounds him.

Clar. Being entangled in such easie chaines,
Although his thoughts did erre, his eye did not:
But since this beauty is the same *Charita*,
Whose merits I have oft proclaim'd at *Paris*,
I'd gladly share the incomparable sport
This day to be a Shepherd, and his Rival,
Induc'd to this disguise by your example.

Ansel. Faith do not wonder that you see me thus;
Tis *Angelica*'s power over me.

Her service is so sweet a Law to me,
That knowing Pastorals did alwaies please her,
I'm made a Shepherd, *Charita* a Shepherdesse,
She likewise acts her part, but one more gentle,
For her, among us, we have made a Nymph.

Clar. This needs must be as pleasant as tis rare;
But I must let her know what I intend,
She being a Nymph, we all must seem to court her.

Lys. Ah! — (*crying out awaking from a dead sleep.*)

Ansel. What aile ye Shepherd? (*running to him.*)

Lys. 'Twas a stretch of Love. —

I thought my soule was quitting its abode,
Musing upon that fairest faire *Charita*.

Ansel. Indeed th'are pleasant thoughts, and worthy of you,
But we must leave you in so sweet a rapture;
Farewel, the Heavens have care of what concerns you. *Ex.*

Lys. Courteous Shepherds, *Pan* have you in his keeping?

C

Scene

The Extravagant Shepherd.

SCENE V.

Enter (to him) Charita in the habit of a Shepherdesse.

Lys. Faire Birds which daily in the Aire do move,
And singing praise the Object of my Love,
What equall to her merits do you see? *(appearing among the*

Ch. What doe's this Fool alone? what are his thoughts? *Trees)*

Lys. But I to mutes in vaine my speed apply,

I'de better speak to th' Eccho of these groves,

Who oft to reason with us Shepherds love's.

(sitting down

Ch. I'll be his Eccho, 'twill be a rare Scene.

behinde a

Lys. Nymph I, of Love unheard-of torments, beare, *Tree)*

I've often spoke it, did'st thou never heare?

Ch. Here—

Lys. Good She replies :—but since my griefs, by chance,
Are known, how shall I cure their great abundance?

Ch. Dance—

Lys. Well sing or Whistle, and I'll daunce with you :
Charita sayes she loves me,—is it true?

Ch. True—

Lys. But I can nought obtaine, though I ne're cease
T'entreat her ease the paines that me oppresse.

Ch. Presse—

Lys. Well said, I'll now beleeve thee, 't shall be done, *(rising)*
And to demand her aide I'll haitway run.

Ch. Run—

Lys. Farewell. So may thy minion ev'ry day,
Narcissus visit thee where e're thou stay.

Ch. Stay—

Lys. Stop me? did'st thou not say my torments by
Her sight should all be cured happily?

Ch. I'll—

Lys. Leave jesting, and my cruell paines abate,
What must I hope for then? her love or hate?

Ch. Her hate—

Lys. What shall I doe, alas, if weeping I
Cannot her minde appease? sad Tragedy!

Ch. Dy—

Lys.

The Extravagant Shepherd.

II

Lys. But what death shall I choose, if so abhor'd it be,
I begge her aide, and she will none accorde.

Ch. A Cord—

Lys. A Cord? ah you surprize me now; you know,
I have no Cord, but that on *Cupid's* bow:
Nymph, is not that the Cord for which you call?

Answer.

Ch. No 'tis a Cord to hang thy selfe withall.

Lys. Foolish, and sottish Nymph, you prate too much;
Whence comes this humour in you? are you drunk?
Or knowing th'art lesse faire than my *Charita*,
Envy or shame hath made thee talke so fast.
I see her—my faire Starre! (*Charita enters the Stage*)

Ch. What are you doing?

Lys. Before a Goddess men ought thus to kneel, (*kneels*)
And ever with all reverence receive
The influence of her Divine aspects.

Ch. No, Shepherd no, I hate all such respects,
These adorations may seem good at *Paris*,
But here men ought to live in a full freedom.

Lys. 'Tis true, 'twas ever granted unto Shepherds;
Oh high design, and rare, inspir'd by love!
To quit foul *Paris* for this pleasant place!
What a delicious life shall we enjoy?
The Gods themselves, the Gods do envy us.
Sometimes assembled, we shall laugh and dance,
Sometimes we shall retire againe alone,
Sitting sometimes in shades, sometimes on *Fearne*,
Where thou shalt call Me Shepherd, and I Thee
My Shepherdes, and placing Love between us,
Play at a thousand pretty little games,
And sometimes gather—*Charita*—my soul—
Help—help thy Shepherd that's now swooning—ah—
Cruel dost thou recoile?

Ch. Have I not reason?

If you should swoon your fall may crush me too,
To me your body does not seem so light,
But that it well may hurt your Shepherdes.

C 2

Lys.

Lys. Go, th'art inhumane, and I now perceive
Th'ast no remorse for all th'ill th'ast done me;
Thy heart's of Brass, Steele, Marble, and of Stone.

Char. What have I done that merits this reproach?
Have I, that I should now be thus abus'd,
Provok'd you by neglect, or have I scratch'd you?

Lys. Yes, but you have no sense (malignant Beauty)
The nails of your aspect do daily claw me.
And, the sharp rayes of your so glittering looks
Have given me here a wound will nere be heal'd.

Char. 'Tis true; their force is somewhat terrible;
Yet do not think the wound's incurable;
Ile cure you—but farewell untill anon.

Lys. Hard *Anaxarete*! art gone so soon?
See how thine *Iphis* grieves at thy departure.

Char. I hast to finde the Shepherdesse *Lucida*,
Th'expect her at the Nymph's.

Lys. Thou mak'st me tremble!
Why dost thou aggravate so great a grief?

Char. D'ee feare to see her?
Lys. Ah! — I've cause to feare,
No Shepherd hath more reason to complaine;
I fly what me pursues, and love what flies me.

Char. You still are angry when she followes you—
But oft disdain, conceales a reall flame,
And y'are more tractable perhaps in private.

Lys. With her in private? no believe me, faire One,
The heart of *Lysis* is so chain'd to thee,
That thou shalt have it chaste, pure, and unmixt,
Entire: and sooner than Ile turn to change,
Or other beauty shall have power t' ensnare me:
Rivers shall run revolted from the Seas;
Those liquid Courts shall want their Nymphes,
The Hamadriades, and the Faunes forsake
The Woods, and all the World new Orders take,
And Wolves against the Dogges our Flocks defend.—

Char. This solemne Oath hath given me faith at once,
Farewell kinde Shepherd.—

Lys.

Lys. Shepherds Farewell.

My heart's committed to you, have a care on't; —
Go my dear Lambs, seek Pasture farther off,
For *Sol's* too scorching rayes by shining here,
Hath burnt the grasse, and left these places bare.

The end of the first Act.

Actus secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Lucida, Montenor, (like a Shepherd.)

Lucid. **A** Little complaisance, and Shepherds habit
Seeme to engage you in designes of Love,
But pray no more of this disguise with me,
Impose not this constraint upon your selfe
And believe, without speaking more of Love,
Your worth's sufficient to gaine esteeme.

Monten. Hath the mild violence of a love so pure
So little power to perswade you then?
And since your faire eyes set me all a fire
T' avow it is complacencie enough.

Lucid. Thus credulous Spirits are too easy taken,
And though men are all Ice they'l sweare they burne,
But this discourse of fire proves little heat;
The more you say, the lesse I do believe.

Mon. Your humour's contrary to Lovers hopes;
How can you know their flames if they keep silence?
And if they speake they are believ'd deceitfull.

Lucid. Love hath an ideome to explaine it selfe
I' th' midst of silence, it speaks, and perswades,
And its least motion's fill'd with Eloquence.
One sigh oft in a moment utters much,
He must speake low whom th' heart not understands.

Mon. If th' heart so well Love's language apprehend,
Would yee have clearer evidence of mine?

My heart hath sigh't an hundred times near you,
 My languishing as often hath declar'd it,
 And daring not t' exprefs the wounds you gave me,
 I oft strove to interpret with mine eyes;
 But their sad looks could not exprefs their story:
 And, though some foolish hope may dare presume,
 The cunning'ft sighs have but dumb Eloquence
 If th' heart consent not to its own surprize,
 Nor can their correspondence well consist,
 If Love perswade them not to lend an eare.

Lucid. Then that's the cause I have not understood
 What you pretend, your sighs have signified:
 But two or three piping, and dying groanes,
 Have often prov'd false pleadings of true love,
 And since you see I understand it not,
 You happily do seek advantage by it.

Mon. Doubt not an Heart so subject to your Lawes;
 Be witnessse all you Trees within these Groves
 How oft alas, there, seeking solitude,
 I've entertain'd them with my sighs and groanes,
 How oft I've boasted of that glorious power,
 Your eyes in secret practice on my soule:
 How oft rehearst the wounds their beames have given me.

Lucid. When they tell me so, Ile believe my share.

Mon. Cruel, is this then all that I can now —

Lucid. *Hircan's* my Brother, I depend on him.

Mon. Judge better of my flame, and know though 'tis
 Extreame, 'twill ow your heart to none but you:
 And that 'twill use in the pursuit none but —

Lucid. Peace *Montenor*, the company is coming.

SCENE II.

Enter to them Angelica, Anselme, Charita.

Ang. Shepherds believ't my joy's beyond compare, (*To Mon.*
 To see you so well act the Shepherds part; *and Lucid.*)
 Blush not *Lucida*, *Phillis* and *Lycidas*,

Were

Were often wont to single out each other,
And great *Diana* nere refus'd to talk
With *Paris*, or *Syliander* from the rest.

Lucid. You make a just construction, yet I doubt
Who ere accuses me, may do the same,
If *Polidor's* discourse had pleas'd you lesse,
You would perhaps have sooner found us out.

Mont. Sister, she hits you home with her reply. (*To Angel.*)

Angel. Sh'as reason, I confesse, for what she sayes:
Our coming sooner might have more disturb'd ye,
Had he had nothing private to say to me.

Char. Thus may all four (methinks) live full content,
Mean while I have my share among ye too,
While sweets on sweets are heaped up for you,
I'm fain to entertain my selfe with thoughts.

Angel. Yet we are taught to understand thy worth,
Whose beauty has, this day, begot such Rivals.

Char. Build not so much upon anothers ruine,
My time perhaps may come as well as yours.

Angel. I were an Infidel if I should doubt it,
Since *Clarimond* becomes a Shepherd for thee.

Char. Knowing, that for my sake, our foole thus sighs,
He ought at least to swear't for laughters sake.
Yet faith, let him dissemble as he please,
Wee'l see at last how well he will escape.

Angel. Thou never speak'st to thine own disadvantage.

Char. I hate the foolish use of a false vertue;
Who from himselfe expects nought, nought receives.
Methinks our Rival-Shepherds tarry long.

Angel. 'Tis here that *Lysis* leads his Flock to feed,
And we shall see him here ere it be long.

Angel. He has a Language may be call'd his own.

Ans. His discourse heretofore was lesse unsmooth,
But since he *Virgil* read, in Bumbast verse,
His Tongue is laden with Fantastique Words,
And thinks that all the Gods speak just the same,
And concludes that the best of Dialects.

Angel. He has an empty skull.—

Char.

Char. So dull a head !
That he could not discern me by my voice,
When I instead of Echo answered him.

Men. Can he endure your jesting, being mad ?
But—hilt,— I heare him sing.

Lucid. Pray hide your selves,
And be spectators of our raillery ;
He give him now his belly-full of Love.

Angel. Nay hold, pray first let's heare his courtly Aire.

*(They all hide themselves behinde
the Trees, except Lucida,
who accosts him after he
hath sung.)*

SCENE III.

Lys. When Love to two united hearts, *sings.*
The sweets of prudent flames imparts,
How pleasant 'tis the Crook to beare !
How sweet of Sheep to have the care !

*Thus sitting by a Chrystall brook,
A Shepherd sung, whom love had strook,
To love a Shepherdesse how sweet !
How pleasant 'tis when Loves do meet.*

Lucid. Faire object of my flames, and my misfortune,
May this day prove more blest to Thee than Me !

Lys. In vain thy flame, troublesome Shepherdes,
Doth claime a compliment, not meant to thee.

Lucid. When wilt thou cease, thus to make War upon me ?
And lay aside these scornes that break my heart ?

Lys. When Elmes shall the embrace of Ivy flie,
And rav'nous Wolves with Lambs live peacefully.

Lucid. Though thy severity doth still encrease,
He be the same that ever I profess.

Lys. Ixion heretofore embrac'd a Cloud,
And so *Lucida* may embrace the Wind.

Lucid.

Lucid. The raging Seas at last will leave their fury,
So may thy hatred have a time to cease.

Lyf. As Rocks unshaken stand against those billows,
So is my heart unmoved by thy love.

Lucid. For *Pan's* sake, Shepherd, and the Hamadriads,
Refuse me not a civil entertainment.

Lyf. If they the maladies of Love can cure,
Th' hadst best go offer up thy vows to them.

Lucid. 'Mong Scythians fierce, at thy Nativity,
Thy heart was fill'd with Ice, nothing can thaw it.

Lyf. Derive me (if thou wilt) from *Caucasus*,
So thou no more disturb me with thy Love.

Lucid. May thy best Sheep be left a prey to Wolves,
If thus to rigour thou expose my Soule!

Lyf. I'll suffer them to come within my folds,
When thou shalt have possession of my heart.

Lucid. Thou Tyger, nurs'd up by a Tygres fierce,
Thy proud disdain will open me my grave.

Lyf. So farre am I from a designe to kill thee,
I never had a thought to touch thy skin.

Lucid. Thou dost distract my soule, and thy sharp talons,
Soon as I see thee, teare it into pieces.

Lyf. I know not how to patch up a torn soule,
And, prithee, what should I do with the pieces?

Lucid. You may cement them but with one sweet word,
And from an Hell of woes raise me to Heaven.

Lyf. If such a thing as that can cure thy folly,
Of Honey, or of Sugar take thy choice.

Lucid. Grant either of them to my constancy,
Of Hope the Sugar, of thy Faith the Honey.

Ly. If thy fond constancy do Honey need,
Farewell—you must seek other Bees than Me.

Lucid. Stay thou bright Torch of my too am'rous life,
Suffer my flames at least to live in hope.

Ly. Thy life's in danger to be wondrous dark,
If I'm the Torch that must enlighten it.

Lucid. If for thy high deserts, that name's too low,
Be thou *Apollo*, and vouchsafe to cure me.

Ly. Thanks to thee (*Sylvia*) I must be gone;
If I'm the Sun I must be ever running

SCENE IV.

Enter (to them) Angel, Anselm, Montenor, Charita.

Angel. Whither so fast, good Shepherd?

Ly. Prudent Nymph,
I'm in Retreat before mine Enemy.

Char. Will not *Lucida* speak to us to day? (*Lucida going aside, as if unwilling to be surpris'd with Lysis.*)

Ly. No, let her stay a while behind those bushes, (*To Charit.*)
And give her time to recollect her Soule
From th' trouble of her late rejected flame.

Angel. She then persists to persecute you still.

Ly. Any but *Lysis* would be tempted by her,
But though her love of me doth still afflict her,
Charita's still (*Charita, she Lucida.*)

Char. And since my Shepherd all contemnes for me,
He has most really my heart, and faith,
Our soules are both possess'd with equal flames.

Lys. Truce to these sweets a while—you ravish me!
Oh.—

Cha. Sigh yee?

Ly. Shepherds my care—

'Tis a precaution that I thus doe sigh,
Lest too much ardour should at once surprize me,
And I soone finde my heart reduc'd to ashes,
By the too active flames of my desires.
Did not the Air of these my sighs refresh it.

Lu. Why talk ye with the Honour of our plains? (*returning to*

Ch We talk of Meddows, pastures, and of Flocks, *(the Stage.)*
We must dissemble— (*To Lysis softly.*)

Ly. And we likewise talk (*Pointing at Charita.*)
Of that faire shining-eye, that caus'd my grieve,
Yes, of thine eye divine, thou charming beauty!

Angel.

Ang. Such language, Shepherd, does affront your Mistress,
The brightnesse of her eyes, you see's not common,
They both can charme, and yet you praise but one.
What Rapsodie of love doth make you talk so?

Ly. Why I assume the language of the Poets.
This style to them was ever held peculiar,
I purposely, like them, spoke but of one,
But yet with no designe t' offend my fairest;
For either of those Suns afford me light,
And when I sweare her faire ey's skill'd to charme,
I speake no more o'th' left than of the right

Ans. What say you now Nymph? (To Angel.)

Angel. 'Tis a prudent answer.

Ly. Silence! — I heare farre off a Bagpipe's sound. —

Oh how melodious! — (Enter Clarimond like a Shepherd.)

Mon. 'Tis by a young Shepherd,
Who not long since arriv'd from a strange Country.

Ly. 'Tis true, his habit's different from ours.

Ans. To live amongst us he assum'd another,
He's here.

SCENE V.

Mon. You then desire, gentle Shepherd, (To Clarimond)
Henceforth to dwell with us, in these faire Plaines?
Your change of Habit makes me so presume.

Clar. I'm come for cure of my consuming flames.

Angel. Shepherd, I then perceive you are in love.

Clar. Ah — 'tis too true, I languish night and day;
But say (I pray) before I tell my story,
Doe I not talk with the Nymph *Angelica*?

Angel. Yes, if on her depends your Remedy,
She's ready here to give you all assistance.

Clar. Great Drudge! fam'd for thy mirac'lous art,
I here attend thy Oracles effects!
Love make thee now propitious to my fires! —

Angel. What charming object forc'd from you that sigh?

Clar. Alas ! that I dare not presume to tell you.

Angel. Shepherd, you may, nor feare to hurt ;
All here partake already of your grieve.

Clar. I adore her in Idea though unknown.

Ly. Not know her ?

Clar. Heare the story of my life ;

My name is *Philiris*, in *Arcadia* born.

Ly. That Country alwaies fruitfull was in Shepherds ;
But to heare't better, let us all sit round,
It is the Pastorall Order.

Angel. Take your place. —

Here's green Turf. —

(*They all sit down, Lyfis lying at*

Ly. Oh my dear Sun—for Heaven's sake, *Charita's feet.*)
Mod'rate thy Rayes, or thou wilt quite consume me.

Angel. Come now (Sir) all are silent, you may speak.

Clar. Know them great Nymph, and you faire shepherdesse,
You gentle Shepherds—such are my misfortunes—

In that blest Climate where I first took birth,

Pan is less fear'd than is the God of Love :

For that no Hearts, no Shepherds are so great,

Whom that fierce Tyran doth not make his Slave :

(And would to the just Heavens that I could dobut

Whether his yoke be easie to be born)

But yet admire by what strange prodigie

My freedom's subject to his cruell lawes ;

Sitting one day beneath a shady Elme,

Free from all care, although I kept my Flock,

Surpriz'd with sleep, congested beames of light,

Depriv'd my senses of their wonted vigour,

And then discover'd to my blinded eyes,

A precious treasure of unheard-of charms :

A Shepherdes, in whom the Graces seem'd :

To chuse their places, as if there enthron'd

A lovely Arrogance, a noble State

Seem'd sweetness there to joyn with Majesty.

Nere did the Gods in a more noble frame,

Set forth the Image of their Deitie :

Oh—Nymph—I saw her, judge then how I lov'd her ;

How.

The Extravagant Shepherd.

21

How with those sudden flames my heart was fir'd;
And what strength the surprizall of my sense
Could leave me, to resist her charms assaults!
But sad Catastrophe! when day was ended,
I found my Error so, but not my Love.
My soule posselt of so great rarities,
When I awak'd still kept their strong Idea,
But so confus'dly, that I never could
Retrive the Object, where those Beauties shin'd,
Yet still I lov'd that imperfect Idea.
Here did my freedom finde its overthrow,
And from that instant I am so in love,
That I have no esteem for other objects.
Thus forc'd to love, and without hope of comfort,
I am constrain'd to burn, and yet be silent.
But though this sad constraint augments my pain,
I must detect the secrets of my heart:
A famous Drudge, that when he is private,
Seemes daily to interpret Destiny:
Was th' Oracle Divine, that by these words,
First gave my wav'ring spirit some repose.

*Rejoyce sad Shepherd, the Decree
Of Fate, shall soon accomplisht be
Within the Realm of Lillies, neare
The Banks of Marne, a Nymph thou there
Shalt finde, Angelica by name,
Discover unto her thy flame,
Open unto her thy Heart,
The strange Originall impart
Of this thy fire, then to thine eyes
The light of a new Day shall rise,
That soon the sacred Beauty shall discover,
Whose Image in thy Dream made thee a Lover.*

*(He riseth, and as it were suddenly surprized
with a new light, continmes his addresse
to Charita.)*

D. 3

But

But Gods ! What see I now ? What rayes of light,
That in an instant thus unseele mine eyes ?
Oh Shepherdes, 'tis you that thus have charm'd me,
Your wonderfull Idea 'twas thus inflam'd me :
You are the lovely object of my sighs,
You who—

Ly. Soft, Shepherd, you are pleas'd to say so,
Goe to *Arcadia* there to act your Trances :
Charita is my Mistris.

Clar. And mine too.

Char. This heat is very quick.

Clar. Yet 'tis extream.—

Ly. Pitty thy selfe, for Heaven's sake honest Shepherd,
If I'm thy Rivall, what hope's left for thee ?

Cl. Some promise to themselves more than they get.

Ly. My flame as the more ancient shall prevaile.

Clar. That which I feel is full as great as thine :
Tis more than three yeares since my heart was wounded.

Angel. Gods how this wonder does amaze my thoughts !
What sayes *Lucida* ?

Lucid. The Shepherd does deserve
For all these services *Charita*'s love,
And to possesse her heart.

Ly. What you plead for him ?

Ah—Nymph, I die, at least am very near it—

Clar. To lose no time in frivolous disputes,
Let's see what deeds will answer all these words.
My passion prompts me to a glorious project ;
Charita is the object of our Loves,
And both of us sigh equally for her ;
And since the cause of our dispute's so faire,
Let Combat here decide it in her sight,
And shew which of us doth deserve her best,
She shall be judge.

Ly. Agreed, it shall be so.

Renounce her for a few dry bangs o'th' Crook ?

Char. You will be Conqueror.

Ly. I do not doubt it,

—*aside.*
(To *Lyf.*)

If thy faire eye stand second to mine arm :
Paſ give the victory to my boundleſſe love,
 And I will hang his Crooke between thy Horns !
 Shepherd prepare thy ſelf—

(*As he puts himſelfe into a poſture to
 fight with his Crooke; Clar. drawes
 out a Sword hid within his Crooke.*)

But what means this.

A ſword ? Art mad thus to defend thy ſelf ?

Clar. T'enjoy *Charita* you muſt take my life :
 Think of death onely.

Ly. I have no ſuch thought.

I'm a Shepherd of Honour, and no Murtherer :
 Beſides, though I were nere ſo ſtout in fight,
 What can my Shepherd arm againſt a ſword ?

Anſ. Courage brave Shepherd, I will make 'em equal, (*Taking
 Too happy to oblige the beſt of Lovers. likewise a Sword out of
 his Crooke preſents it Lyf.*)

Ly. Oh Villain Shepherds with their iron tooles ! (*aſide.*)

Anſel. Here take this ſword.

Ly. Not I.

Mon. Deſperate *Lyfis*,

Refuſe a Combate for *Charita's* ſake !

Why all the world muſt know this cowardize !

Ly. And why ? I've heart enough to ſerve my turn :
 But—

Mon. But what ?

Ly. What need ye preſs me farther ?

Ile not infringe our cuſtomes for a world.

Anſel. What cuſtome iſt you mean ?

Ly. Where can you ſhew me,

That ever any Shepherds fought with Swords ?

Mon. Yes, once *Filander* for *Dianna* fought.

Ly. True, to ſecure her from prophane aſſaults ;
 But yet he fought with Slings, and to his coſt.

Angel. W've ſaid too much & excite this Shepherds valour ;
 His want of love appeares to faire *Charita* ,
 For his refuſall gives her up, and quits her.

Brave

Brave stranger, come the victory is yours.

Clar. How much that sweet Decree makes me your Debter?

Angel. And thou ingrateful Shepherd that dost fear
To shed one drop of thy ignoble blood,
And durst not hazard for thy Love that little
Was wanting, to overcome and to possesse her:
Go, it's apparent now thou wert a Traitour;
Dare not to come hereafter in our sight.
Shepherds let's go.

Ly. Ah cruell hearted Nymph!
Than *Myrmidon*, or *Dollope* more fell.

Char. Farewell sad Shepherd.

Ly. Ah what dost thou say?

Char. The sentence being past we must subscribe.

Ly. Dost thou forsake me then?

Char. I'm in despaire;

Yet may the Gods permit us meet again:
In th' mean time die not, but live still assur'd,
Thou nere shalt see thy Rivall in thy place.

Ly. Flatter my woes at least by sighing for me.

Char. I grieve for both of us— but no more sighs;—
My heart is so lockt up I cannot do it.

Ly. Oh of all faire Ones the most unrelenting!

Char. Perhaps you suffer least in this our parting:
Farewell— *Pan* comfort and dwell ever with thee.

Ex.

SCENE VI.

Lys. Let's yeild to Fate and satisfie her rage,
And end our daies within some salvage den:
Farewell ye dearest places, and my flocks,
Which feeding I have left on yonder hill,
Y' ennamel'd meddowes, which too apt to please,
Have furnisht me with flowrs t' adorn my Love:
And pleasant streames farewell, despairing *Lysis*
I th' horror of these Woods will ever dwell.
Good Gods! how thick, how dark it is! I think

No

No Shepherd ere its silence did disturb :
Hence all prophane—take heed you come not neare ;
I feare to touch them as I crosse these bushes —
Oh—th'are the rustling leaves—I think I see
A man that walks there with a staffe in's hand,
And murm'ring to himselfe, does seem to read.

(He perceives Hircan walking (after the
Country-fashion). with a Cane in his
hand, reading.)

Lys. Doubtless it is a Druyde skill'd in Magick—
I must accost him.

SCENE VII.

Hircan. Lys.

Lys. Great and learned Druyde,
If that divinity, that here presides,
Did ever comfort an unhappy Shepherd,
Vouchsafe thine aide to offer him my voves.

Hircan. This certainly 's that Fool with's Pastoral life, (*aside.*)
Whose pleasant madnesse is so much discours'd.
May'st thou be so content as thy offerd voves
Ought to be heard, by those great Gods I serve,
Hefus and *Taramis* are to Shepherds kinde.

Lys. I'mbrace the happy auspices to see you,
And for so rich a blessing thanke my fate :
Daigne then to cast your eyes on a poor Lover,
All's possible to you, move but your staffe,
And nature straight is subject to your Lawes.

Hircan. He takes me for a conjurer. Ile comply
With his mistake— Shepherd all shall be well ;
Thy griefs shall be redrest what ere the y be, (*makes a circle
with his Cane*)
All things give way to this mysterious charm,
Ask, and be sure I can do any thing.

Lys. No Shepherd's so unfortunate as I,
By th' fatall sentence of a cruell power,
I'm banisht from the house of *Angelica*;
So lose *Charita*, and must never dare

E

Hence

Henceforth, so much as to approach those walls.

Hircan. And is't this banishment that so afflicts thee?

Ly. Was ever Lover more severely punish't!
I, in despaire of aid, enter'd these Woods,
Against me to provoke the Beares and Tygers.
But if by Magick skill, you shall vouchsafe
To let me see my Love at *Angelica's*,
By rendring me invisiblè or transform'd.—

Hircan. This is the easièst secret of my Art:
All w'ave to do is to disguise your sex,
To cheat the Nymph, and see your Shepherdes
Take womans habit, and go thither weeping,
Require them to relieve your great misfortunes,
Fain that the fatall influence of your starres.—

Lyf. This Metamorphosis is very Past'rall:
So once *Austrea* did embrace *Alcais*,
Not knowing that 'twas *Celadon* disguis'd.
But to appeare a Maid indeed, how shall I
Be rid of this excrescence of my beard?
How shall I this correct?

Hircan. That's a slight Scruple;
Oh—let thy beard alone, feare nothing, I
Can by my Art give thee the countenance
Of a yong Shepherdesse; extremely faire.
Thy maine so modest, and thy port so taking!
Charita scarce can be a minute from thee.

Then judge thy happiness, thee's sure thine own.

Lyf. What priviledge shall I have thus disguis'd?
I am impatient till it be accomplisht.

Hircan. Let's to my Palace to begin the work.

Ex.

The end of the second Act.

Actus

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Angelica. Hircan.

Angel. **I** See at length that *Lyfis* company
Hath power to draw you from your solitude,
Allowing us excuse for our disguises,
While you partake of our divertisement.

Hircan. I must confesse his folly is so pleasant,
It much exceeds all that is spoken of him :
For my part I much wondred when I saw
My Sister was a Sheepherdesse for him,
And certain pastimes which she then pursu'd,
Scarce could I yeild to such a low design.
But things unknown with injury are censur'd :
And *Lyfi.* humour is so pleasing to me,
That were 't not by's error pre-engag'd,
I could resolve to take the Crook up too ;
But yet I hope to make you all confesse,
There is some pleasure in a Druyd's part.

Angel. You onely study then to come off well ;
In Comedies variety is pleasant,
And I am confident this will be so.
Some Sheepherds, I a Nymph, you Conjuror.—

Hircan. But yet 'tis I have made the best adventure.

Angel. Yes doubtless, it will be an excellent Scene,
When to appeare a Maid hee'l think't enough,
To imitate the Gestures, and the Habit.

Hircan. Yet I did nothing, but with Ceremony,
I pray'd to *Tharamia*, invoakt his Genius,
Then casting round my eyes to ev'ry place,
Thrice to the East I fixt my countenance,
And thus with a grimme look without ought else,
Remov'd all obstacles to Transmutation.
The Sheepherd is disguis'd without suspicion,
And th' better to assist me to delude him ;
The Metamorphosis was finisht, as

Montenor with my Sister did arrive,
 Who instantly perceiving my designe,
 So well reserv'd their countenance, they treat
 Him for a Maid without the least suspicion:
 And thus our enterprize succeeded rarely.

Angel. Faith you provide us very excellent sport.

Hircan. It ravish not, at least, 'twill make ye laugh;
 But now to personate the Sheepherdesse,
 Faire Nymph, you know what tis we have to doe.

Angel. Yes, I know well of what me must accuse him.

Hir. Sure hee'l be very desperate in's defence,
 When I to aid him shall employ my engine,
 This Hall is most convenient for the purpose;
 The troubles, represented here,
 Will furnish pretty lights to my invention.

SCENE II.

Enter to them Clarimond, Charita,

Angel. I thought I'd lost ye, and was much perplext.

Clar. We took the Aire upon the Fountain's side,
 While you and *Hircan* have resolv'd how
 Extravagant *Lyfis* must be entertain'd.

Angel. And did the breath of *Zephyrus* delight ye?

Clar. My Sheepherdesse did make it pleasant to me.

Angel. Your cares are constant.

Char. D ye wonder at it?

Did ever any see me, and forsake me?

Angel. *Clarimond* gives good evidence of that.

Char. To whom more justly could he render homage?
 I dare engage with less baits heretofore,
 Fauas were from Woods by Sheepherdessees drawn.
 I have a quick, sweet look —

Angel. And a vain humour.

Char. Not without reason, I come from the Fountaine,
 Whose moving Christall since I have consulted,
 A little vanity may be allow'd me.

Angel. Sure it flatter'd

Char. Not so much as you think,

But

But guesse whom I am like in our Romances :
What's rare, there by a Past'rall pencill drawn,
Is all but Copy. I'm th' Originall,
In this disguise I'm nothing but is lovely,
I surpasse *Philis*, if not equall *Astrea*.

Angel. You highly prize your selfe in my opinion.

Hircan. *Charita* is too faire to speak otherwise,
The best of Beauties may commend it selfe.

Char. So wise a Druyde; Who would not believe?

Clar. I credit but my heart in this great Truth,
But as y'ave no defects, so be not cruell :

And to my perfect love vouchsafe to grant

A favour to adorne my Crook—this shall

Suffice—

(He snatches at a Ribbon, and
Charita stops his hand.)

Angel. What doth this Sheepherd from *Arcadia*?

Expresly come to honour you in *Brie*,

And you refuse him that? Y'are strangely cruell.

Char. Can he complain? I give when he demands. (giving him

Clar. Willingly?

a knock.)

Char. Yes, frankly *Philiris*, without disguise,
Provided *Clarimond* have no share in it.

Clar. Why that Reserve so contrary to my vowes?

Explaine your selfe for Love-sake.—

Char. It needs not.

Clar. But in fine—

Char. No more, here's *Montenor*.

SCENE III.

Enter to them Montenor.

Hircan. Well gentle Sheepherd.

Mon. Sister do you think

(To *Angelic*.)

Zyfis the Sheepherdesse is come to see you?

Lucida brings her—and you faire *Charita*—

I pray prepare your selfe to entertain her.

Char. Be confident I will doe what I can;

He is confirm'd then of his Tranformation.

Mon. He relies wholly upon *Hircan's* skill

Angel. We then shall see th' effects : Where left ye him ?

Mon. Some thirty paces hence I came before.

Hircan. He go then and prepare what's to be done.

It's very necessary I withdraw,

Lest if he finde me here, he should suspect

My art, that hitherto has hit so well.

I must appeare like a Magician here.

Ex.

Angel. That you may then avoid him, go this way,

I heare *Lucida's* tongue, th' are in the court.

What do you ow to this excess of Love ? (To Charita.)

Char. In Pastorals I shall be very famous.

Mon. *Anselm* knows nothing of this Raillery.

Angel. He'll be surpriz'd then with the more delight.

Let's here our Sheepherdes's complement.

See, there she is.—

SCENE IV.

Enter to them Lucid. and Lysis like a Sheepherdesse.

Char. A very comely person !

Angel. Fie laugh no more, in faith you'l spoile the Scene :
All contain your selves.

Lucid. Fair Nymph to whom the Gods (To Angel.)

The most mysterious Secrets doe impart;

In this unhappy Maid you see the Signes

Of griefs, which they have destin'd you to heale.

Thus saith great *Hircan*; and I took the care,

(Following his order) to conduct her hither.

Ang. She is most welcom from so great a Druyde. (embracing Lysis.)

Ly. You much oblige a distress'd Sheepherdes, (imitating the voice and gesture of a maid.)

Who will conclude her cruel fate most mild,

If she may have that blessing to be with you;

And that is all she begs.

Char.

Char. Grant her desire;
To live among us Nymph she's prepar'd,
If you love our content refuse her not,
Most taking person!

Angel. She has excellent features.

Char. What you say nothing?

(To Clarimond.)

Clar. I know what I think:

My debt to you impos'd this silence on me.

Char. No, *Philiris* may e'en do what he please,
And yet he must be just to this rare beauty,
That excellently faire, deserves his homage,
See what quick beams are scatter'd from her face,
What eyes more faire ere captivated hearts?

Lys. Faire Sheepherdesse, pray spare my modesty,
Youle else soone raise Vermilion on my cheeks.

Angel. So faire and perfect, all must needs commend you.

Lys. Far short of meriting such Eulogies. (Pointing at *Char.*)
I'm but a Star compar'd to that bright Sun.

Lucid. Perhaps you would boast more of your perfections,
Did you spend fewer teares in their possession.

Angel. And what sad object can provoke her teares?

Ly. To understand it Nymph, hear my misfortunes.

If the injurious Starre that rul'd my birth,
Had alwaies had for me kind influence,
I had appear'd here in as high condition,
As splendour of illustrious blood allowes.
For I was born a Dam'sel (thanks to Heaven)
As you now see me reasonably faire,
And such, that truly from my youngest yeares,
I won the hearts of many thousand servants.
(Sad memory, which onely serves t'afflict me!)

I was styl'd every where faire *Celimens*,
And by that famous name did sweetly ravish,
Eclipsing many beauties that then shin'd;
But cruel *Atropos* killing my Father, I
Was soon constrain'd to be a Sheepherdesse:
I needs must yeild to force, and then assum'd
To please my Tyrants, the name of *Amarillis*,

Poore *Amarillis*, whom miseries in Troups,
Pardon my sighs that intercept my voice.

I can no farther go. —

Char. A pretty story.

Lucid. She and my Brother have agreed to this. (to *Charit.*)

Ly. But — this my forme, to me alone unhappy,
Unchang'd beheld the sad change of my fortune,
So far from leaving me in this new habit,
That tis fame filled all our villages,
All prais'd to envy, the new Sheepherdes:
Ev'ry one strove to see me, and to please me.
Happy till now — but oh — this high report
Twisted three foule Satyrs from the Woods,
The infamies of whose lascivious loves
Were eccho'd every day through all our streames,
And these, to violate my chastity,
Dogg'd me in every place to ravish me;
And as last night I to the Fountain went,
Without the Sheepherd *Filene*, in their snares
They caught me — This hath cast me at your feet,
These foule Goat-footed Fiends, the Nymphs obey:
Purge then from that base race ore sacred Groves;
Their whole employment is dishonourable.
All that they do's injurious and immodest.
Preserve the fame of my Virginity:
Once, twice, and thrice on this I do depend:
Purge me from Satyrs, and I shall be spotless.

Angel. Your fate is cruell — but yet cease to grieve,
You here have met with a safe Sanctuary:
The highest insolence, within this palace
Dares not attempt your Chastitie; live here,
From trouble free, *Charita* shall take care
Of those diversions are needfull for you,
Will you accept of her good companie?

Ly. Her affability speaks so high for her,
That instead of refusing I will strive
To follow her, as shadowes do their bodies,
And night and day, if I'm so blest, to please her.

Char.

The Extravagant Shepherd.

33

Char. D'ye doubt it, faire and vertuous Shepherdesse?
How all my senses are transported! thus
To be possesst of *Amaryllis* heart!
This glorious Modell of supremest Beauty!
This Starre! —

Ly. Reserve these titles for your self;
If any thing in me seems radiant here,
'Tis by reflection of your eyes, faire Sun!

Clar. If you talk more, by these your kindneses, (*to Lysis.*)
You'll robb me of my Mistris heart, I feare:
Come 'tis enough.

Char. Indeed you may be jealous,
Having gain'd *Amaryllis* I scorn you.

Clar. By this you may oblige me to change too.

Char. T' enjoy an Angel, I shall lose a Mortall.

Clar. Is then my service of so little value?

Angel. Let us end this discourse. Here's *Polidore.*

SCENE V.

Enter to them Anselm.

We complain'd Sheepherd of your too long absence.

Ansel. In that I'm honour'd, and if I dispense—
But O ye Gods!

Angel. What Sheepherd, y'are surpris'd?
What is't that troubles you so suddenly?

Ansel. A sudden brightnesse having struck my sight,
My senses all are charm'd, my soul disturb'd!
What Sheepherdesse is that?

Mon. Do ye not know
The late felicities prepar'd for us?
And that fair *Amaryllis* hath made choice
Of these our coasts, t' embrace the care of flocke?

Anf. Most glorious coasts! oh spend here all your daies; (*to Ly.*)
The Spring to please you here shall ever reigne,
Many new Flowers in the plaines shall rise.

F

Ly.

The Extravagant Sheephead

Ly. Excuse me, for I talk to my Companion;
Having heard nothing, I shall answer nothing.

Ang. In fine, pray let's know wherefore we lost you, (*10* *Ans.*)
What business made you dis-appear so long?

Ans. I was extreemly troubled for poore *Lyf*,
Lest after your Decree fatall despaire
Might make his Rival happy in his death;
So to prevent his violence on himself,
I ran thorough all the Woods with extream care,
But can learn nothing of him, and I feare
The streams of *Marne* have finished his fate.

Char. So after lesse injustice *Celaden*
Sought in the floods of *Lignon* a Precipice;
Doubtlesse hee's dead— oh this guilty beauty!

Angel. But y^e are too quick thus to conclude him dead.

Char. A secret horror which doth seize my minde
Of this sad accident's a sure presage
To me, that he is drown'd — oh envious fates!

Angel. The goodnesse of the Gods could not permit it.

Ly. He'll be their care, believe it Shepherdesse;
He hath found necessary aid, Ile warrant,
Some Nymph or other will restore him to you.

Char. Alas, my dear Companion, I've lost all,
He doubtlesse did deserve a better end,
For of all Shepherds he was the most faithfull.

Lyf. His name was brought even to our Villages,
Where all extoll'd him for's fidelity.

Char. Deare *Amaryllis*, had you knowne him, he
Was the most perfect Shepherd Heav'n ere saw,
His extream mildness, grace, and his demeanour,
Would have constrain'd you to have wish'd him well,
He gain'd all hearts!

Clar. For Love-sake be contented.
You lose a Lover, and I fill his place,
The homage which I pay to your divine,—

Char. Away vile Shepherd speak no more to me;
Thy journey from *Arcadia* caus'd my grief,
Destroy'd my quiet and my Shepherds life,
Into these floods that drown my happiness:

Thou,

Thou, and thy love did me precipitate.

(weeps.)

Clar. Mod'rate thy passion.

Char. Dost thou desire it? Then

Remove thy presence from my just displeasure.

Clar. Ever so full of rigour?

Char. 'Tis resolved.

Clar. Thus to endure unjust disdain's too much.

Ingratefull Shepherdesse, respect till now,
Made me suppress my flame, now 't must break forth,
And I affirm, to brave your fury, that
My heart and eyes are sensible as yours. (turns to Lycis.)

Faire *Amaryllis*, the mildnesse of your charmes,
Force me with pleasure thus to yeild my self,
I break your former chaines: 'tobey your lawes:
What, you look down? Give me at least an answer;
Allow some hope unto my am'rous soule.

Ly. Maids are asham'd to hear discourse of love,
Approve my silence, or else change your Theme.

Clar. Oh wonder! Beauty fatal to my rest,
How from those Rosie lips one kiss obtain'd,
Would ease the Wounds which that faire eye hath given me!

Ly. Keep your designs in bounds of honesty:
You injure much my modesty, I ought
To keep my self as chaste as is *Diana*.

Clar. One kisse is lawful; What power interdicts it?

Ly. I and *Charita* mutually may kisse,
Without the censure of incontinence,
This sign of love to us is lawful, but
To kisse a Shepherd who doth authorize it?

Ly. Yet having none but chaste designs for you, (offering to kisse
his hands.)
I sure may swear it upon these fair hands.

Ly. Away Prophane, thy fault's without compare,
You may as well a Vestal touch as me.

Angel. You lose respect Sir.—

(to Clarimond.)

Clar. I confesse I do.

But who knows what he does, that dies for love?

Angel. You ought—but Gods! how is my soul confounded?
Mine eyes deluded, or I see a Satyr.

SCENE VII.

Enter (to them) three of Montenoors Servants,
disguised like Satyrs.

Sat. Be not amaz'd, fair Nymphs, that we do now,
To haunt your Palaces, forsake our Woods;
Friends of *Tantates*, and *Demi-Gods* of Nature.
We soon perceiv'd that we were injured,
And hither we are come with just displeasure,
To demand justice for your selves and us.

Angel. Gainst whosoere it be you shall receive it.

Sat. From *Amaryllis* snares we would secure you.

Ly. My snares? what's that you filthy ugly Leacher?

Angel. Pray, without injury, let's hear him out.

Sat. The false report of that perfidious soul
Made you believe that she is chaste, as faire,
And that that glorious Lamp, which gives us light,
If he shine brighter, yet he is lesse pure;
But we must tell you, her incontinence,
With great God *Pan*, till now hath past in silence,
And our respect made us endure it, as loath
To speak of it, at all, to her dishonour;
But since with too much vice displeasing him,
She with the God *Sylvanus* was surpris'd,
And with a Faun too in Adultery,
Sh' hath arm'd your indignation against us,
Deceiving you by a base Artifice:
We therefore hither came to beg your justice.

Angel. Then answer Sheepherdesse. (to *Lyfis*).

Ly. My heart ev'n bleeds:

How have I sinned? What fault have I committed?
This plot is laid by envy 'gainst my vertue:
Thus *Phœdra* ruin'd chaste *Hyppolytus*.

Angel. Guilty or not, since they accuse you, we
Must purge you from suspicion for our honour.

Ly. Oh Christian Chastity, clear Innocence!
With this attempt, alas, they vow my ruine.

Sat.

Sat. Such crimes as this were never disavow'd,
But instantly they offer'd proofs by fire.
You Nymph do understand our Country's lawes,
And to what end the sacred Plate's ordain'd:
Then let her touch it burning, we shall see
If that chaste and pure fire will spare her body.

Char. What saist Barbarian?

Clar. Deare soul of my soule!
Expose thee *Amaryllis* to the fire?

Ly. Leave me to dissipate their wild suspicions;
Thus chaste, I safe can walk on burning coales.

Angel. This ancient custome, although rigorous,
Was never yet injurious to th' oppress'd;
If wrongfully accus'd, the fire will clear you.

Clar. Why should I reverence this unjust law?
No, *Amaryllis* falsly thus accused,
Shall ne're be subject to it, He first die:
Let's see who dares accuse her?

Angel. How bold Shepherd!
Will you provoke the anger of the Gods?

Clar. In this condition I fear not their anger:
My Gods, are my fair Shepherdesse, and Love,
And rather than lose her, they may oblige me.—

An. Take hence this insolent Shepherd from my sight;
Satyrs away with him.

(While the Satyrs remove
Clarim. Thunder and
Lightning is heard.)

Ly. Heavens! Earth revenge!
Th' oppresse him that defendeth innocence.
Unhappy maid! they envy that thou livest.
Aid me, sage *Hircan*, wisest *Hircan* aid!

Angel. Strange Lightning!

Char. Where shall be my Sanctuary?

Ly. I cannot stir I am so full of feare.

(All flee, and *Hircan* appears in the air
in a flying Chaire.)

SCENE VII.

Enter Hircan, Lysis.

Hir. Thus by me Horror through these places flies, (*in's Chair.*)
And I those dangers break to which fates throw

Thou *Amaryllis*, raise thine eyes,
And th' Author of thy Transmutation know ;
Since every day they threaten thee,

I in my flying chair come to thine aid:
Behold ! how thy Foes insolence is laid,
And see how my approach they flee,
And how the feares of death do make

Their vanquish'd fury all its force forsake !

Ly. Vouchsafe, illustrious and learned Judge,
To free me from a trial forc'd upon me.

Hircan. I know't but little could their force prevail,
For thou art chaff, and hast overcome the fire.

Ly. Yes, I as *Amaryllis*, had prevail'd ;
But having once consulted with my soul,
I fear'd your charms enfeebled by the fire,
I should be *Lysis* more than *Amaryllis*.

Hircan. Fear not ; I come through midst of clouds, and crost
(*descending upon the Stage.*)
An hundred unknown paths in this my chair.

Ly. Is the way safe ?

Hircan. Yes—but it will be best
That for prevention you blind your eyes.

Ly. I willingly obey the wisest Druyde, (*mounting the Chair.*)
Whose will commands ore the decrees of Fate. (*ascends.*)

Hir. 'Tis time to part, up and take courage, know
No dangers dare affront thee where I go:

The end of the third Act.

Actus

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Hircan, Anselm.

Hircan. **H**is eyes betray the secrets of his soule,
Th' have more than once inform'd me of his flame,

And I've too well observ'd *Lucida's* love
Alone engag'd him to become a Shepherd,
So that from the first moment that I knew it,
I fed his fires in suff'ring them to rise;
And I can now no more, without injustice,
Forget a secret promised consent,
Montenor's worthy, but, for all his merit,
Th' intrest of my Sister more weighs with me;
I am her Brother, and she must remember,
That though she give her self, he cannot have her.

Ansel. Think not that his extream affection
Would employ any but himselfe to gain her;
And in that conquest he presum'd his strong
Endeavours should prevaile 'bove humane Empire:
But do he what he can, a brother's needfull
To force that duty so resolv'd in silence,
And which, though you consent not, will not suffer
A sigh escape, that may detect his secret.

Hircan. If this sole obstacle thwart his desires,
He ought to praise th' effect of a fair cause:
But he take order strait to stop its progress.

Ansel. For mine own int'rest, I presume to press you,
For (if I must explain my selfe) I saw
Less in my self, than in fair *Angelica*;
I adore her, and her brother aids my vows,
But yet to crown them he must first be happy:
That's passion finding kind effects, may let him
See, without Envy, my Felicity.

Hircan. Heel see it doubtless, and's contented mind.
Shall have that fair success your love attends:
But now 'tis time our Past'rall Sports give way

To pleasures of a nobler quality.

Lysis too much is fool'd, and w'ave too long
Cherisht an Errour which ere this had ended.

Ansel. Your Art's incapable of such a cure.

Hircan. Yet 'tis by that I make him tractable :
In our last Scene he so rely'd upon me,
That in a flying Chair I sent him home.

Ansel. Yet more of *Amaryllis* ?

Hircan. Somewhat of Mysterie
Made up the charm and spoil'd the Shepherdes :
Then with a secret Spell's unerring power,
I was to force the Nymph to entertain him.
You know the entertainment, what address
He made to's Mistriss in that interview,
Which mov'd her on the fiction of his death
To speak, and countenance his airy Fables.

Ansel. He's very full of them.

Hircan. Th' are all his study : —

But as I long to be alone again,
Charita, who I see's arriv'd i'th' Park,

Is a faire obstacle to one would muse,
I therefore must avoid her — fare ye well.

Ex.

Ansel. 'Tis a dark solitary humour, this.

SCENE II.

Enter (to him) Charita, Lucida.

Ansel. What, without *Lysis*, beauteous Shepherdes ?

Char. The Nymph i'th' Hall at leisure entertains him,
Where Maugre all his love respect retaines him :
But why doth *Hircan* shun us with such cares ?

Ansel. Faith he's injurious to *Charita*'s beauty.

Char. But Ile be satisfied since't has no witness.

Lucid. 'Tis solitude that busies all his care,
And any pastime that's without himself,
Is a great torment to his musing minde.

Ansel.

The Extravagant Shepherd.

4

Ansel. You will not find it in that kind consent, *(to Lucid.)*
Which he gives freely to an happy Lover.

Montenor.—

Lucid. Sister pray admire with me, *(to Charita.)*
That Plain, which gives us here so sweet a prospect.

Char. But— Sister there is mystery in this language.
Does your mind wander with your eyes or no?
What, you blush?

Lucid. Pish away.

Char. Well, I pardon
The so secret disorder of your heart :
I fine.—

(to Anselm.)

Lucid. You credit then this Barber's talk?

Ansel. No, no, give no belief to what I say.
Farewell, Ile seek one that in this affaire,
Shall have more Rhetorick to perswade you : I
At least am sure, upon such pleasing terms,
Montenor rather will hear me than you.

Exit.

SCENE III.

Manent Charita, Lucida.

Char. But Sister, is he gone without more words?

Lucid. I endure all from you who onely seek
To laugh.—

Char. Indeed— but let us speak in earnest;
Let's call him back again t'explain himself.

Lucid. Wherefore should I desire his explanation?

Char. Oh the sad Vertue that now stings thy mind!
Doth *Montenor*, in all his service to you,
Shew mean effects of an indifferent zeal?

Lucid. If I believe his sighs, I reign in's soul.

Char. Doubtless you are ingrateful to his flame.

Lucid. And wherefore should his hopes by me be flatter'd?
Can he be ignorant of what's my desires?
If he hath gain'd my Brother, what needs more?

G

Char.

Char. Indeed this modest answer fits our times;

It's worthy you, and I my selfe esteem it:

But 'mong our selves let's lay by all disguise;

Confess with me our mindes are easily

Led thither, whither we desire to go,

And that they need not struggle for obedience,

When as our Duty, and our Love agree.

But when that Love, which does command in chief,

Finds in that Duty that which would depress it,

It quickly curts us of that ancient error,

Which would debarre us to dispose our hearts.

No, no, if *Montenor* could not have pleas'd you,

Ye would not in that choice believe a brother:

Your flames would finde a very weak support,

If they were fed but by another's order.

Lucid. You do assault me with such cunning, that

At length you force me to confess my weakness.

I love him, and my heart before posselt,

With love's perplex.

Char. Is the great secret out?

And why should love in this our age, in us

Be weakness, and a vertue in the men?

Why should we blush at our so faultless flames?

Do we want eyes to see, or hearts to love?

I know that ancient modesty requir'd,

We should seem shie even at the name of Love.

And if a servant do pretend to court us,

We must cry out before we hear him speak:

But though wimpose a silence on these sweets,

We nothing lesse seek than obedience;

And any servant would court us but ill,

Who to talk Gazets should suppress his love.

Those kinde refusalls to hear no such language,

Are but faire invitations to say more.

In fine, we all desire that they should love us,

And often run by secret plots to meet them.

Lucid. Gods! you know all.

Char. More, happily, than you,

The Extravagant Shepherd.

43

But your desires contented make less show:
Yet since that love is ready now to fix you,
I'll gather flowers to compose your Garland.

Lucid. If Love oblige you to compose a Garland,
He'll give it by your hands to *Clarimond*,
And see how full of joy he comes to take it!

Char. And yet in love *Lucida* must know nothing.

Lucid. No, I know nothing but the common rule, (*going out.*)
That to two Lovers any third's a trouble. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Clarimond. (Smiling as he approaches Charita.)

'Tis she—I see her gath'ring heaps of Flowers
In this ennamell'd Park, of divers colours.

Char. Th'approach is Past'rall, but my new *Filene*
I've right to answer as your cruell *Sylvia*.
Take heed.—

Clar. How carelessly you heare these lines,
Without a thought of him that lent 'em me:
He was unhappy, but I hope I shall
Once touch the heart of my fair *Shepherdesse*.

Char. 'Tis not of stone, and your continuall cares
Deserve esteem, perhaps a little more:
But whither can the flames that rule us go?
Sometimes we wish a Lover would daign it,
That he may force our hearts, and that his fires
Surprized by a look may read the secrets.—

Clar. Too happy *Clarimond*! what canst pretend?

Char. Let not our want of understanding make us
Mistake, and, if your freedome answers mine,
Let's divide *Philiris* from *Clarimond*.

Clar. But what proceedings yours can equalize,
To make one happy, and reject the other?

Char. You easily may guess the reason; one's
A Courtier, t'other is a simple *Shepherd*.

For me, if I may their defence assume,
 I ever lov'd the freedom of the Shepherds;
 Those cheating outides of your begging sighs,
 Those so well studyed, languishing aspects,
 Those affectations of a wandring minde,
 Are not the colours which their love appears in:
 They expresse themselves in a serener aire,
 And when they vow they love, they love indeed,
 And in the sweet transports of guiltlesse flames,
 They promise nothing which the heart denies.
 And so when kindly *Philiris* assur'd me,
 That ore his captiv'd heart I reign'd alone,
 Not fearing to be sacrific'd to fraud,
 I told him that I something did believe,
 But farre from a resolve to flatter him
 In his desires— If *Clarimond* spake thus
 With more reserve, and more retention.

Clar. Oh pray pursue not a discourse that kills me;
 And, since his freedom answers for his faith,
 Let *Philiris* now speak for *Clarimond*,
 For he will keep his passion very secret,
 If *Philiris* dares not to interpret it,
 Under that borrowed name which he assumes,
 He opens you his soule, and speaks his heart,
 And his pure flame, aspiring to extreams,
 When he does say he loves, he loves you truly.

Clar. This satisfies not what I ow my self,
 To dare to credit *Clarimond* on his Faith,
 No, no, 'tis for his honour, he sweares to me,
 That nothing's comparable to what he suffers,
 But all that I can do, mine not engag'd,
 Is to endure complaint, and not believe.

Clar. Are you then doubtfull of so true a flame?

Char. To wish it so, I am too just, for know
 I *Clarimond* do understand, at Court
 'Tis Vertue quaintly to dissemble Love
 That it is gallant to declare to all,
 You are a friend to th' Brown as well as Faire,

And

The Extravagant Shepherd.

45

And without giving bounds to your desires,
Your sighs can menage as you see occasion.

Clar. Oh cease to injure the sincerest flame,
That purest love ere kindled in a soule ;
Do I insensible of constant love
On all occasions, divide my heart ?
And sigh in every place at any object ?

Char. I know that nothing's easier than to say so,
And flatter thus our foolish vanity,
That breeds in us too much credulity.

Clar. Thus to persist so long in vain alarms,
Is to distrust the power of your Beauty,
'Tis true, to please an hundred sev'ral objects,
Men may dissemble wounds they never had,
That it is easie still to say I love you.
But you may know 'tis not the same with you,
And 'tis impossible to see your face;
And say I love you, and not love you truly.

Char. And would you have me to believe you now ?
But see our Foole.

Clar. Base hindrance to my Joy !

Char. To vex him for the mischief he hath done you,
I will abuse him with pretended sleep :
Farewell, leave me alone, I think 'tis best
That you and I be not surpriz'd together.

Clar. But—

Char. Leave me I say, or I shall break with you.

(She lies down upon the grasse pretending to sleep)

Clar. And must this foole disturb such pleasing minutes ?
But to please my *Charita*, Ile avoid him,
And let her sport with his extravagance.

Exit.

SCENE V.
Enter Lyfis, Charita.

Ly. Sweet places, where my Sun beneath your shade,
Having scorch'd me, repairs to take the aire,

G 3.

Though

Though to be lightned be your great advantage,
 Yet suffer a poore Sheepherd to share with you.
 Hide not *Charita* from th' most ardent — but
 Gods! I'm deluded, or I see her sleeping.
 'Tis she— oh happinels! hush gentle *Zephyrs*,
 Breath without noise, my Goddess is asleep—
 I must advance, but slowly, lest I wake her.
 Trees, let your leaves be silent, for a while:
 Ye Brooks stand still, and you, ye foolish Bees,
 That buzze so busily about her eares,
 Fly hence, touch not the Roses which I see;
 My fairest hath no flowers but for me. *(kneels by her.)*
 How happy's *Morpheus*? O transcendent beauty,
 In the worlds fairest eyes to have his Palace!
 How he tastes *Nectar* sweet and most delicious!
 And how his happinésse thy Sheepherd envies!
 Oh if 't were lawful— but thou insolent Fly,
 Which on that fairest Nose presum'st to sit—
 Ile make thee know what 'tis —

(beating away the Fly he strikes her on the face, which she pretends wakes her.)

Char. Gods how you use me!

Why did you not awake me gentlier?

Ly. Oh! —

Pardon an act of justice to my Flame,
 Which thought it duty so to sacrifice.

Ch. What have you caus'd me suffer by that blow?

Ly. Love seldom gives a wound he cannot cure.
 But though you feel some little pain by that,
 Yet might that cursed Fly have stung you—for
 You know that once *Eudoxa*.—

Char. She did well:

But if it were her fault, it is not mine.

Ly. At least for pity-sake. *(leaning towards her.)*

Char. What Sheepherd?—

Ly. Cruel.

Thou daily dost permit the Sun to kiss thee,
 And will not suffer that this amorous heart,
 Should by thy snow seek to refresh his heat.

Char.

The Extravagant Shepherd.

47

Char. The sad condition that your heart is in.

Ly. Thy hand of milk congeal'd may make the proof.
(*kissing her hand.*)

Char. Good Gods!

Ly. Absolve a Lover from that error;
I know the love of Shepherds should be chaste,
But yet their soules sometimes may be transported,
And Nature of her self is vitious.

Char. Oh how the impure flames I finde in you,
Constraine me to regrate my *Amaryllis*!

Ly. *Amaryllis*?

Char. Oh!

Ly. Did you love her?

Char. I love her
More, though she's absent, than I do my self,
That I might see her?

Ly. That you may easily
Remove what hides her from thy abused eyes,
See here thy Shepherd.

Char. What is't you would say?

Ly. That *Amaryllis* onely breaths in me,
And my excessive love that could not be
Prevented, made me change my sex to see thee.

Char. You would have chang'd to force the obstacles.

Ly. That's nothing—Love works many other wonders.

Char. Was it you then that in so neat a way,
Under a Womans habit did deceive us?
You that sage *Hircan* rescued from the fire?

Ly. 'Twas I, 'twas *Lyfis*, thou light of my soule!
How oughtst thou then to prize such rare attempts!

Char. Go guilty Shepherd, go approach me not;
After an act so shamefull, and so bale.—

Ly. Oh you would try me,—

Char. No do not believe it.

I hate a Shepherd, whose befotted love
Shall dare to borrow aid from magick arts,
Heaven shall revenge me on thy injuries;
Fly then from hence, fly far from these our coasts;

And!

And thus polluted with the greatest crimes,
 Ne're shew thy self to my incensed eyes;
 Tis my last order. —

Ex.

Ly. Lestrigonian Beauty!
 More fierce than is the Asp, or Dragon, come
 Feast, if my death can satisfie thy rage,
 Thy flesh-devouring eyes with that sweet fight.

SCENE VI.

Enter to him Montenor.

Mon. Wherefore doth *Lyfis* mourn?

Ly. Oh Shepherd, tremble,
 For all the Gods confederate against us;
 Thou ne're shalt see the Sun to set again,
 The Woods shall be afire, the Rivers dry,
 Meddowes shall lose their flowers, Echo be silent,
 In fine, all is destroy'd — *Charita's* angry.

Mon. Gods!

Ly. Didst not see her violent transport?
 It was a Tygresse with her sparkling eye,
 Yet *Montenor*, I must confesse that I
 Never did yet behold so faire a Tygresse,
 And that her fiercenesse something had of grace,
 Even when she did pronounce my banishment.

Mon. Ah — could she banish thee?

Ly. With great injustice.

Mon. Why dost afflict thy self? Be crosse as she;
 Thou sure canst change thy vowes, if she be chang'd.

Ly. No, she attend th' afflicted Lovers Fate,
 Whom when the Gods to such rude storms expose,
 Toucht with their miseries they oft transform them.

Mon. That once was good:

Ly. And so continues still;
 For wherefore should the Arm o'th' Gods be shortned?
 No, *Mercurie* this night came with his wand,

To

The Extravagant Shepherd.

49.

To let me understand their pleasure towards me, (I) which
And I must change my form.

Mon. On that great Hope,
Thou scorn'st *Charisa*, and no more wilt see her?

Ly. Would you that I provoke her with my presence?
Yet I may see the place where she inhabits,
And here, at distance, mounted on this Tree,
With my last homage may adore her beauty.

*(He ascends the Tree, and falls into the Trunk
of it, being hollow.)*

I see't! what hid that Palace from my sight—

But O miraculous issue of my hopes!

At length I finde the Gods have not abus'd me—

And *Lysis* now, in earnest, is transform'd,

I am become a Tree—O divine wonders!

My feet I feele already stretch'd to roots,

And my flesh chang'd to wood, with sudden shoots

Produceth branches at my fingers ends.

Monsen. Strange madness this!

Ly. But O thou ocular witnesse

Of this my change, to Lovers Ordinary

Go, and disperse the fame of my new fate,

And if thou er'e didst love me, guard my flock.

SCENE VII.

Enter to them Clarimond, Adrian, (Lysis in the tree.)

Clar. No, to reduce him scarce no obstacle,
We leave him to ye—but what pleasant sight
Shepherd what dost thou there?

Ly. 'Twas but ill judg'd—
I am (I thank the Gods) no more a Shepherd.

Clar. What then?

Ly. I am a Tree.

Adrian. Ah foole, dost still
Persist to credit thy ridiculous dreames?

H

Ly.

Ly. Adrian (I should abuse my self too much,
To call thee Cousin) you assume a freedom—
Such trees as I of an immortall nature! —

Adrian. And who made thee a Tree?

Ly. A rare adventure:
But I don't wonder that prophaner eyes
Can dive into the secrets of the Gods.

Mon. But wilt thou dwel within that rotten Trunk?

Ly. Ah, my Wood's sacred, pray speak better of it.

Clar. I do believe it, but see, night comes on,
Do you intend to lie in this faire Trunk?

Ly. How brave 'twill be to see my spacious Arms
Extend, within a bed their earthly roots!
Know that a Tree is fixt, and if sometimes
Its Country Deity, forsake his Wood,
'Tis but to go by night to revel with
The Demi-Gods, and ye faire Hamadryades,
For they by Moon-shine alwayes use to meet.

Ad. Then thy fool-Demi-gods, thy Nymphs—and Loves.—

Ly. Take heed, lest to revenge their injuries,
I throw down some one of my branches on thee.

Clar. Pardon his fault; at least this once—but since
Thou needs wilt be a Tree, it must be so.
But what's thy hope?

Ly. All that I hope for is
My love at length may touch my Shepherdesse,
And that about my Trunk, to recompence me,
Shee with her company will come to dance,
Then will I use for pressing speeches, sad
Complaining murmures of my trembling leaves,
And to declare to her my excessive paines,
Ile use th'assistance of a gentle groan;
Then bidding her farewell prodigiously,
In token of respect Ile bow my Trunk.

Adrian. Thou foole, if this be all the good thou look'st for,
Think'st thou to seeme a Tree?

Ly. Yes—for I am so.

Adrian. And do Trees speak?

Ly.

Ly. Oh then, is that your wonder? *Thou hast read nothing of Dodona's Grove;*
There (by the will o'th' Gods) the Trees did speak,
Know that my Fate's as glorious. I, like them,
A Prophet am, and my fore-telling Wood,
Shall make as great a noise as Delphian Tripod.

Adrian. Make triall then— *(drawing his sword, gives two or three blowes on the Trunk.)*
 Thou greatest of all fooles!

Th' hast felt these blowes, hadst thou been what thou saist.

Ly. Villain what dost thou do? where tends thy rage?
 Never till now hath iron injured me:
 I was a Virgin— now my Trunk is open;
 Oh stop, at least, my sap, that flowing's lost,
 And know what ever strength their verdure shewes,
 Trees without radicall moisture cannot live.

Adrian. 'Tis tedious to heare thee— come, come out here.

Ly. I must obey the Destinies decrees,
 Hold sacrilegious—oh, use violence!—
 Let a poor Sheepherd live in that weak barque;
 What has he done to thee?

Clar. Do not provoke him; *(to Adrian.)*
 No violence will ere do good upon him.
 Let's grant he is a Tree, and I have thought on
 The means to hinder, that he take no root:
 Ile tell you what's my project at the Castle.

Adrian. Alas, he's now a greater foole than ever.

Mon. Farewell faire Tree.

Clar. Farewell, Heaven make thee grow.

Ex.

Musket Lyf.

Th' are gone: now I may know my self again.

O silver-horn'd Moon, if thou know'st where
 The Demi-gods my Brothers meet this night,
 Refuse me not a Boon which I demand,
 Lend me thy rayes to finde them where they are,
 I am not mortall now, and in their sports,
 The Nymphs may me receive without suspicion:
 Dear Trunk, permit me leave thee, since 'tis night,

For my first visit now is due to them
 Farewel, to share their pleasant sports he goe
 Into the woods to seek their Rendezvous. *Ex.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Anselm. Angelica.

Ansel. At length, since Heav'n propitious to my prayer
 Doth not oppose the vov'es of *Montenor*,
 But seems to have a care that they be crown'd,
 I may give up my selfe to th' sweets of Hope,
 If without crime, and a too great presumption,
 A Shepherd may pretend to love a Nymph.

Angel. 'Tis very quaintly pleaded to engage Me,
 To praise the Shepherd and reject the Nymph,
 But let this satisfie your pressing Heart,
 That now my brother takes your interest;
 And as love once did flatter you, so his
 Consent's sufficient to confirme your wishes.

Ansel. How this reply affronts a lovers will!
 And if you limit there his best advantage,
 How ill when he explain'd his vov'es he told you?
 How scrupulous love is in his designs;
 He look's with scorne on fairest victories,
 When they may cast a shadow on his glory,
 By his owne merit hee'd be absolute,
 He loves no Triumph by anothers will,
 Nor can indure, what ever's the attempt,
 That forraigne succours should secure his conquest.

Angel. 'Tis so, a Lover's never satisfied,
 He doubts his happinesse when he enjoys it,
 And his unquiet flame, resolv'd to soare,
 In the most faire successe will still complaine.

Ansel.

The Extravagant Shepherd.

53

Angel. Oh—refuse not, to this enflamed heart,
The sweet, to see it selfe entirely charm'd,
And if it move your soule, when it doth sigh,
Deny me not the bliss to understand it;
'Tis not enough that *Montemur's* content
Assures me of like happineffe with that
Must make him perfect to fulfill my joy,
'Tis needfull you unfold your heart with me.
That loving passions may your thoughts detect,
That a kind qualme may answer to my sighs,
And that by your consent my flame confirm'd,
May be the glorious prize of loving you.

SCENE II.

Enter to them Clarimond. Adrian.

Clar. Why surely, here the shaddowes of the night
Have made you quite forget what we design'd,
You still go on, and never have regard,
That happily our Foole sees you farre off,
And if he know you, he will strait conjecture,
Seeing our Demi-gods, what's our design.

Adrian. Alas! — t' allow of what they do propose,
He has too strong opinion of his change,
And 'tis but vain to think, your feign'd Deities
Can draw him from a Tree he holds so dear.

Angel. Though he was tractable with *Hircan*, yet
This his last act seems to exceed my faith;
For since he speaks, yet how can he presume
That Heaven would shut him up within a Tree?

Adrian. By that I strove to make him understand,
That he is not what he believes himselfe:
But, 'gainst all reason hee's a Tree, his Gods
Ought that rare Destiny to his deserving, —
A curse on *Ovid*, and his Sectaries!

Clar. If the Moon lend us but a constant light,

H 3

I m.

I'm of opinion you'll be satisfi'd,
 And vainly fear he should be long a Tree—
 He's out of's Trunk! — (looks into a Tree.)

Adrian. Good Gods! I cannot believ't.

Clar. You well may doubt it in a darker night.

Adri. I thank the Gods, that of his own accord,
 H'has left a Trunk to which he was so charm'd!
 And that to draw him out your Nymphs o'th' woods
 And forraign Demi-gods are of no use;
 They far from curing him would have a fresh
 O'return'd his mind, and troubled his sick brain.

Clar. Well, he's now out of it, but you may feare
 The rising morning may replant him there.
 You believe him too soon demetamorphoz'd.

Angel. While he is absent now the cure is easie,
 Let us cut down the Tree; Ile labour all
 I can to stop the progresse of his folly,
 And Ile renounce my pastimes, that I may
 Facilitate the means of your departure.

Adrian. Ile hast to borrow succours to defeat him. — *Exit.*

SCENE III.

Angel. *Lyfis* at his return will play the Devil.

Angel. And your designs being spoyl'd through his departure
 Make—

Clar. I am sorry for those two young Beautie,
 Who mad to play upon this simple fellow,
 Have in vain dress themselves like Nymphs o'th' Woods:
 Troth 'tis an ill adventure for the first.

Angel. Which of us did foresee he'd quit his Trunk?
 But yet we want *Charita*, Where is she?

Clar. I left her with our Demi-gods, perhaps
 She does expect the signall to advance.

Angel. A little absence is a pain to Lovers.

Clar. 'Tis true, I suffer, and, when far from her,
 Soon find a certain trouble in my soule;

But

But yet this trouble, though't be nothing gentle,
Is not the greatest torment I endure,
That which afflicts, and makes me to complain,
Is that I hope much, and see more to feare,
That is, I have a heart enflam'd with love,
And yet I doubt whether I'm lov'd again.

Angel. You understand too well your own deserts,
To think you have nothing gain'd upon *Charita*;
But if you will persist thus to alarm
Your selfe in vain, know Ile assume your cause,
Then love, and hope.

Clar. It is a charming promise.

Angel. Since Love, with me, has interest for you,
The victory is easie.

Clar. Would't were so.

SCENE IV.

Enter to them Charita, Lucida.

Char. Room for our Tree; for he is coming hither.

Angel. Where did you finde him?

Lucid. In that little Grove,

Which joyning to the Park makes up the Lantskip—
There hearing him to hallow.

Angel. But what could he do there at midnight?

Char. There

Making Orations to an Oak, he labour'd

T' induce the Nymph to render her self visible:

Our Deities that follow'd at a distance

Played their parts handsomly upon occasion:

He takes their word—but when he did propose,

To shew them where he was transform'd, our care,

To give you notice, made us come before.

Clar. Since the occasion's offer'd lets embrace it,

Though honest *Adrian* has cause to curse it;

But since we can let us make up the jest.

Char. Then we must hide our selves, I hear 'em there—

Anselm.—

Anselm.

Ans. No, take no care of me *Charita*,
Lest he should seize again upon his Trunk,
He be a Tree, and act the Demi-god.

Clar. But he perceives you.

Char. Oh good Gods—speak low.

Ans. The hole is so profound he cannot see me.

(*Anselm gets into the Tree, and the
rest hide themselves.*)

SCENE V.

*Enter to them Lyfis, Synope, Clorise, dress'd like Nymphs of the
Woods, with branches of trees in their hands, at the ends whereof
were fastned drie Comfits.*

Ly. At length dear Sisters (for I am perswaded
I ow that title to all Hamadryades)
Behold that famous Trunk, which in that place,
By Fate's decree enclos'd a Demi-god.

Syn. Scarce had the Sun given place unto the Moon,
When we had tydings of your happy fortune;
Neither had we this night our barques forsaken,
But to perform our homage, and to see you.

Ly. As I'm a jucie-tree, I am o'rejoy'd,
To have so fair, and so good company:
I'm sure my leaves to morrow will assume
A far more fertile, and more lively green.
But you fair Nymphs, ever by me ador'd,
Where are those pleasant places you are planted?

Clor. We dwell by day in a Wood far remote.

Syn. That we may there behold our fruits in safety,
They are not common, and 't had been injurious,
If Heaven had left us to be pillag'd by
Passengers.

Ly. You are Fruit-trees I perceive.

Syn. Fruit-trees, most excellent, as you shall finde.

Ly. I shall be ravished to hear your story.

Syn.

Syn. Know then, when mortall, we were Comfit-makers,
And gave them such an high exalted taste,
That ev'n *Diana* could not but commend 'em,
At her return from chase she oft would eat 'em,
But when we foolishly divulg'd this favour,
She was so angry, that, with sudden rage,
She chang'd us both to trees, as you are now.

Ly. What trees?

Syn. My Sister is a Cherry-tree,
And Destiny made me bear Apricocks.

(pointing to the fruits.)

Ly. But, tell me Nymphs, are these the fruits ye bare?

Clor. Yes, that's a favour granted to our Deities,
They all grow Comfits.

Ly. They taste ne're the worse.

Syn. You cannot say so, if you do not try 'em:
Gather 'em.

Ly. I gather 'em?

Syn. They are very pleasant,
Th' are serv'd in at the table of the Gods,
And you may eat 'em.

Ly. Think't not strange that I
Excuse my selfe—a tree nor eats, nor drinks.

Syn. Who is so foolish, but must know your tree
Can neither eat nor drink? But you, that are
As 'twere, the soule unto its feeble nature,
Are not exempt to take your nourishment,
Thus to subsist, Trees that are Demi-gods,
Come almost every night to pull our fruits,
Their sap without it would be very barren.

Ly. 'Tis true, my trunk I finde is somewhat weak,
And by these instances I do conclude,
That Tree cannot live long that does not eat.

Clor. Then follow our example, eat apace. *(eating Comfits.)*

Ly. What you devour your own substance—ha!

Clor. That's to invite you to be led by us.

Ly. Sweeter than is thy Nectar Ganimede!
How happy are wee Trees!

(eating.)

Syn. Well our dear Brother.—

Ly. Troth Sister *Apricock*, your frutis are rare,
Such *Saturn* in the golden age did eat.

But is our Sister *Myrrha* still alive?—

Her Trunk is very old.

Syn. I never saw her :

Is she of your acquaintance Sister? Speak.

Clo. *Myrrha* was never seen in these our parts.

Ly. Her Tree lives onely in *Arabia*,

And to say truth, that Country's far from yours :

But do ye never visite one another?

Syn. We very seldome leave our native Soil.

Ly. Hark Nymphs, I hear a very melodious sound.

Clo. 'Tis a young *Cypresse*-- see there, where he comes.

Ly. And that grave Beard?

Syn. Oh speak with reverence,

He is a River-God of the best rank,

We here must pay the duties that we ow him—

He will receive you kindly when he knowes you.

SCENE VI.

Enter to them Montenor, disguised like a God of a River, with a very long Beard, and one of his servants disguised with many branches of Cypressse, carrying a Lute.

Syn. Great Father, may your waters cleare and pure
(to Montenor.)

For ever flow, as we by your embrace,
Receive the soveraign height of our content.

Ly. Never could we believe, a God so great,

Would leave his watry bed to visit us.

And knowing us to be such Demi-gods,

Should us prefer before *Neptune* and *Thetis*.

(Montenor instead of answering, grunts.)

Sisters, he answers in an uncouth way,

Pray what's his language?

Syn.

Syn. 'Tis a Rivers language,
He can be understood by Fishes onely.

Ly. This venerable God grunts like a Hog;
Your Fishes methinks, speak a foolish language,
He stares upon me with one ugly eye.

Syn. He wonders much to see you in this place:
Father pray know this stranger Demi-god;
'Tis he that once the honour was of *Brie*,
The glory of *Age*, and past'rall Life.
He's now a Tree, and will people your banks
With many branches springing from his body. (To *Lyss.*)
He beckens you, go and receive his kindenesse.

Ly. What do you mean to squeeze me as you do?

(*Striving to get out of his armes, he embracing him too hard.*)

Must your arms thus supply your want of voice?
Good mute God hold, and do not crush my Wood,

Clor. What, flie from his embrace?

Ly. Ah—Hamadryade,

I do not like such kind embraces, I—

Syn. The God holds out his arm at your loud cry.

Ly. Truce to embraces, Ile be there no more.

Syn. Truce if you please, but let's do something else,
Let's consecrate with songs your Metamorphose;
Father shall we obtain to't your consent?

(*The God grunting.*)

Ly. This grunting God does very much displease me.

Syn. Come, who begins?

Ly. Why Demi-goddes, the
Dispute's between you two, I'm not concern'd.

Syn. Well't shall be I.

Clor. We will sing afterwards.

Syn. Good Brother *Cypresse* lend me (pray) your Lute.

(*She taking the Lute from Cypresse singing to it, begins.*)

O Fate, most worthy Envy!

Ly. Ye Gods! Why was not I a Tree at first?
Divine *Amphion*!

Syn. Silence, hear,

Ly. Thy voice

Charms me, as much as did thy Apricocks.

Syn. sings.

Oh Fate most worthy Envie ! we

Lyfis possesse that glorious Tree :

Whose vertues him a Demi-god have made

T' enjoy a life shall never fade.

Oh envied Destinie !

He is worthy of this glory,

His Sheepherd's noble acts, which him renown'd,

Declar'd, that thus he one day should be crown'd

And engrave his name in story,

He is worthy of this glory.

Well, what think ye ?

Ly Sweet Nymph *Apricock*, may

I not inoculate such Trees as you ?

SCENE VII.

Enter to them Angel. Clarim. Lucid. Ansel. Charit.

Angel. 'Tis time now to appeare, let us advance.

Syn. Gods ! I perceive some Mortals coming hither.

Ly. Ile to my Trunk again, and do you vanish. *(to Syn.)*

Syn. And why ?

Ly. But what see I ?

*(amazed to see Anselm rising
out of his Trunk.)*

Ansel. A Rurall Demi-god !

My incredulity the Gods have punisht,

And I no more doubt thy Divinity,

I am a Tree like thee.

Ly. A tree dear Brother ?

But 'twas not needfull thou shouldst have my Trunk :

Be a Tree if thou wilt, not at my cost.

Char. That's he, that was my Sheepherd once, I know him.

Angel. Ye mighty Deities, excuse our boldnesse,

(to Syn, and the Demi-gods.)

We

We come to trouble you unhandſomely,
But 'tis to pay our duty to a Shepherd,
Whom Heaven of late has rank't among the Gods :
They tell us hee's a Tree.

Ly. Yes— but my Barke
Another.—

Anſel. I obey the fates that forc'd Me.

Angel. what *Polidore* ? is he a Demi-god ?

Ly. No, he is no ſuch thing, for if he be,
He's but a Baſtard-Demi-god : for Trees
Of honour, and of good Original,
Will ne're take root within anothers Trunk.

Syn. If Heaven have ſo decreed—

Char. We may not doubt it.

Ly. Give me my Trunk againe:

(to *Anſel.*)

Char. Will you reſiſt him ?

For love-ſake croſs him not, but be again
A Shepherd, and love me thy Shepherdeſſe.

Ly. No, I ought be a Tree and muſt, yet truſt Me,
Tree as I am I keep my faith to Thee.

Char. If ſo, for my ſake then renounce that ſtock:

Ly. Alas, they rob me, and that's it afflicts me :
But you, Tree-raviſher, reſtore—

Anſel. I cannot,
Heaven it forbids.

Ly. Unhappy that I am !

Syn. What aile you ?

Ly. Ah— Siſters looke to my affaires.
If I'me diſplanted, I can live no longer.

Ch. No, no, feare not ; ſince hee's ſo obſtinate
To rob you of a Trunk ordain'd for you,
Let him live there, hated by our companions,
More than the meanest ſhrub in all this country.

Ly. But what ſhall I doe then ?

Syn. Why are there not
More pleaſant places, and far better trees ?
We there will plant our ſelves.

Ly. May that be done ?

Sy. Our power's great, what ſay you Father ? Is't

Not :

Not your opinion, that his place be chang'd? (*Mon. grunts.*)

Ly. This Div'lish Hog, we think's is a strange God,

Clo. Hee'd have you plant in Angelica's garden.

Ly. 'Tis well, the place is not at all unpleasant:

But sure when we live so farre from our Trunks,

The vegetative soule need's nutriment—

If I must planted be, my amorous Nymphs,

Engraffe me on some Tree as faire as you;

O sweet Apricocks!

Syn. Yee shall be satisfied

Ly. You'll make me truly then a fruit-Tree?

Syn. Truly,

Come;

Ly. Sheepherdesse farewell.

Char. Let me be present

At th' secret mystery that there transplants you,

I'm sure that very night our Troup will dance,

About the sacred Trunk that shall enclose you.

Syn. Then follow at a distance.

Ly. Oh what comfits

At the Sun-rising will spring from my branches!

Clo. Yes doubt it not.

Ly. And thou! thou cur'st theif-Tree,

Know to beare fruit, thy wood's nor faire, nor good,

And th' ever dance, at distance, round about thee,

Thou't serve for nothing, but to make a gallows.

Exit, with the Demi-gods.

Angel. By this device they lead him to the Castle,

Angel. Then thus I my new destiny renounce,

(*coming out of the tree.*)

And have too little share in that old stock,

T' expose my selfe to what he did prognostique,

Only great Nymph you knowing to oblige Me.

Angel. Come no more Nymph, and Shepherd let's returne

Home to the Castle, and let Crooks alone,

Lyss untreed, our Comedy is done.

Exit.

F I N I S.